

# Zion's Herald.

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**Zion's Herald.**  
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[EDITORIAL.]

The Moors are very much incensed against their Sultan, who has taken a stand against rum and tobacco, and carries on his reform in true despotic fashion. All traffic in intoxicants has been prohibited; the State tobacco monopoly has been abolished; shops for the sale of snuff and tobacco have been closed; some Moors who persisted in smoking have been flogged through the streets; large quantities of leaf tobacco have been seized and publicly burned. Great are the astonishment and anger at Fez and Morocco and Tangier. Sultan Mahd Hassan has undertaken a large job. Prohibition by edict is a shorter cut than by law and public sentiment. Time will show whether it will prove to be effective and permanent.

The struggle which has been inaugurated this week in the House of Commons promises to be bitter and protracted, and to be attended with serious results. Heretofore both the great English parties have dropped their animosities when the Irish question came up, and called upon some coercive scheme. This year only the party in power, assisted by an insignificant "Mug-wump" section of the Liberals—the Liberal Unionists—has committed itself to this policy; and we have the novel spectacle of the Liberals, led by Mr. Gladstone, arrayed in opposition to the proposed measure. Should the ministry succeed in carrying out their oppressive programme, their legalizing of moral wrong will only more deeply embitter Irish resentment and probably precipitate rebellion. Should the ministry suffer defeat, and the Liberals be returned to power, home rule, in some shape, will doubtless be assured.

Mr. Gladstone has been preparing for some time for this contest. In a quiet suburban retreat near London, which he had for the purpose, he has been preparing himself into special training for what will probably prove to be one of the greatest efforts of his life. And his will be the treble armor of one whose career is just, if the report of the Land Commission be true. That report was prepared by experts of the Conservative party, and discloses such injustice in the land system as to make resistance a righteous praiseworthy and right. Mr. Gladstone has already committed himself to a definite statement of this purpose, at a dinner given by the Irish members of the House of Commons: "We are agreed," he said, "that Ireland asks effective self-government in affairs properly and exclusively Irish, subject to the unquestionable supremacy of the imperial Parliament. Should she extend her demand beyond this limit, I could no longer promote her cause; but so long as the demands of the Irish are just and within the bounds of moderation, I will stand fast, whether cause during what remains to me of political life." These are noble words. Ireland may well be proud of having enlisted on her side such an able and worthy champion.

Congratulations are flowing in upon the venerable Emperor William, as we go to press, on the attainment of his ninety-second birthday. Over a hundred royal representatives and princes gather in Berlin to do him honor. And he is worthy of it. The beautiful simplicity of his character; his childlike faith in God; his lofty idea of kingship as of an office divinely conferred; the length of his career, reaching back to the days of the first Napoleon; the remarkable political changes, in many of which he has himself borne part; the wonderful growth of his empire; the strength and wisdom which have been added to his reign by his great chancellor; the devotion in which he and the Empress are held by the German people—all unite to make him one of the most unique and interesting, as well as one of the grandest, figures in our present history. A kindly feeling of reverence and good wishes goes out to him from every hand. He does not himself expect to long survive the present anniversary; and the court physicians regard his bodily vigor as something unnatural, and liable to snap at any moment. It is rumored that he will provide for his growing infirmities by proclaiming the crown prince, Frederick William, August, with the consent of the Bundesversammlung.

Congratulations of a different kind, and not so many nor so hearty, have been directed at St. Petersburg during the past week. The Czar of Russia may look with envy to-day at the festivities at Berlin, and wonder at the different fate which has fallen to his share. Alexander III is less than half as old as the Emperor William, but his life is spent in constant fear of assassination. The last attempt, ten days ago, was

foiled only by the failure of the bomb to explode. The latter (a sort of hand grenade, several of which were found on the persons of those captured) proved to be charged with dynamite, and arranged to throw eleven balls, each ball filled with strychnine! Unfortunately the Czar belongs to a family which is too stubbornly committed to autocratic rule to heed the lessons of history. He bids fair, like his predecessor, to die a martyr to his principles.

GLANCES AND GLEANINGS.

II.

Archdeacon Farrar, in a recent sermon, presents a somewhat novel, but certainly very cogent, argument, for the support of missions in barbarous or semi-civilized countries. It is a home thrust.

Missions are incumbent on us, because—to our shame be it spoken, and I hope it will go home to the heart of every Englishman here—we have taken with us all over the world a drunken and clinging curse, the curse of drink. I do not think wrong we have done by any means. The kidnapper has gone forth from us to the sweet Pacific Islands; we were for years guilty of the execrable slave trade. The diseases we have inflicted have been bad enough, but our drink is worst of all; and as yet the conscience of this nation is as hard as the nettle millstone to the fact of our guilt. Let the shameful truth be spoken, that mainly because of drink, our footsteps among savage races have again and again been footsteps dyed in blood. The wild tribes of America, the once flourishing Hotentots and Kafirs, the noble Maoris of New Zealand, the native tribes of Madagascar, decimated, degraded, perishing, uplift to us in wrath and in supplication their appealing, their indignant hands. We have cursed India with our drink and our drunkenness; and at this moment, after so short an occupation, we are cursing Egypt with it too. We have poured upon these nations the vials of this plague of ours, this vice of our people, this bane and leprosy of our civilization—are we not bound to give them the antidote? There is only one course which can hush the voices which louder and louder are pleading trumpet-tongued to God against this nation, and that is to give them the blessing and the antidote to this crime which we have taken to them; that is the only course which can avert the omen of our crimes.

Recent events have disturbed popular confidence in the earth's stability. The following, from an article by G. H. Darwin, on "Earthquakes," in the *Fortnightly Review*, will not help to restore it. *Terra firma* is henceforth a misnomer.

It has long been known that an earthquake is preceded by slight tremors leading by a gradual crescendo to the destructive shocks. But within the last fifteen years it has been discovered that the earth's surface is being continually shaken by tremors, so minute as to remain unsuspected without the intervention of the most delicate instruments. In every country where the experiment has been tried these tremors have been detected, and not merely at certain periods, but so incessantly that there is never a second of perfect rest. The earth may fairly be said to tremble like a jelly. The pioneer in this curious discovery was Father Bertelli. His experiments relate only to Italy, but that which has been found true also of England, France, Egypt, Japan, Brazil, and a solitary island in the South Pacific Ocean, probably holds good generally; and we may feel sure that each tremor or "microseism" is not confined to countries habitually visited by the grosser sort of earthquakes.

"Seismic storms" are detected and recorded:—

The "normal trumometer" of Bertelli and Rossi is a simple pendulum, about six feet long, with an arrangement for observing the dance of the pendulum-bob with a microscope. With this and other instruments it has been established that the soil of Italy trembles incessantly. The agitation of the pendulum is usually relatively considerable for about ten days at a time; towards the middle of the period it increases in intensity, when there generally ensues an earthquake which can be perceived without instruments; the agitation then subsides. This has been called by Rossi a seismic period, or seismic storm. After such a storm there ensues a period of a few days of relative quiescence.

In his "Confessions of a Reformed Humorist," in the *March Lippincott*, Mr. Burdette gives a boyish reminiscence, and tacks on a moral:—

When I was a light-hearted school-boy, I was, in alliance with a boy named George Larue, secretly put a large rubber overshoe in a hot-air flue of the school furnace, by means whereof we got a half-holiday while the school-house was aired. Two days later, I danced before the delighted pupils to the silent pleasing of the birchen switch. After school I asked George about it. He said he had returned—that his conscience wouldn't give him any peace about our deception until he had confessed.

"But," I said, "how was it that you didn't get licked?"

The conscientious lad explained that he didn't confess on himself; he only confessed on me.

I rather liked this; so I told George that I was beginning to feel certain qualms of conscience myself, and if he would just take off his jacket and hat I would endeavor to unburden my mind to him. I think I was really a more conscientious boy than George, for I had to sweep up a large portion of the back yard with him before I felt that peace of mind which follows confession and reparation of wrong.

Ever since that day I have observed that it is easier to confess to other people than on one's self, and that there are always plenty of conscientious people around ready to confess all that the penitent leaves out.

The relative merits of the English and French literatures are thus set forth by one who, though an ardent Frenchman, occupies too high a place in the

republic of letters to be warped in judgment by national prejudices. We find the extract in the literary column of the *New York Tribune*:—

M. Taine has completely won the heart of England, but in the process he has disgusted his countrymen. A Paris journalist, astounded at the *Pall Mall Gazette's* idea of pitting literary Englishmen against the forty immortals of the French Academy, went to M. Taine—as the chief French authority on English literature—to get the list condemned. He was disappointed.

"I will not say," said M. Taine, "that the list forms the *style* of English literature, but taken altogether the forty are worth ours. We do not know them, you say? That is not a sufficient reason. The English, and all who speak English, knew them well, but on the other hand knew little of our men of letters. I must say, however, that the English occupy themselves more with foreign literature than we do. There is not an educated man who has not read at least one work of our Academicians. We are far too indifferent to everything that does not relate to ourselves, and we have far too great a belief that we are the first literatures in the world."

"I see," interrupted the journalist, "opposite Emile Augier, the name of John Ruskin; where are his *Lions*?"

M. Taine's smile at this question showed the journalist that he had merely given another proof of his ignorance. "Ruskin is not a dramatist," said M. Taine; "he is an aesthete, and we have not, nor ever had, the like of him. Your blunder does not surprise me. You are like all Frenchmen. You know only two or three foreign names—the names only, not the works—you know nothing of the foreigner. Here, for instance, is Fourier, the great historian; Max Muller—a Claude Bernard; Browning, the great poet, greater than any of ours. And Tennyson? Ah, you know him—the name—and Swinburne—the lyric poet par excellence—a long way ahead of all of ours."

"Even Hugo?"

"Yes, even Hugo. The fact is," continued M. Taine, "that English literature in its entirety is much superior to ours, especially in poetry. Our literature comes in the second line; I put the German on the same footing as the English. Doubtless we are superior in one branch of letters—in light and frivolous literature. There we are the masters, but that is not the kind that will ever give us the superiority. And in other branches—in poetry, history, philosophy, science—we are inferior."

In the *Brooklyn Magazine* for March Edith Langdon, discussing unequal marriages, touches upon the doctrine of heredity:—

The world "marries" and is given in marriage; and the wedding-bells ring on from age to age unceasingly, and yet how few who witness the life contract of brides and bridegrooms stop to consider the tremendous importance of so brief a ceremony. Upon the mental, moral, and physical qualities of the man and of the woman may depend the actions and results of actions of a succession of human beings in generations yet to come. The ungodly will descend from sire to son, and the secretiveness and acquisitiveness, uncontrolled by other qualities, in the father or the mother, may make the thief, the liar, the miser, who, a few decades hence, will be the black sheep of the family fold. An ungodly temper married to an ungodly temper may beget the murderer whose society is forced to hang for his own protection, but who may be as irresponsible before the tribunal of Supreme Justice as the lunatic is now held to be before our earthly courts.

"Home-School Academies" are lauded in the *Christian Register*; the illustration being drawn from the Phillips Academy in the days of Dr. Taylor:—

"Uncle Sam," as even the girls in whispers dared call the late Dr. S. H. Taylor, principal of Phillips Academy, Andover! With what diligence he ferreted out all a girl knew of Caesar or Nepos or Virgil! and a word of commendation from him was in itself as good as a diploma. There was no sectarian teaching in those days; but Monday morning would have been thrown away if the texts to the abstract of Sunday morning's sermon, prepared by each scholar, had not furnished ground for good moral instruction, supplemented by Paley or Butler's "Analogy." . . . In those quiet, unhurried days there was time to illustrate each author by copious reading from his works. Addison and Spenser were more than shadowy names to those girls of five-and-twenty years ago. Johnson was not a mere "Boswell's" eyes, and Scott and Burns and Wordsworth were every-day friends. The vision of mathematics in that little school is rather dim. A mist hangs over "quadratics" and logarithms and mathematical astronomy. But the good, old-fashioned "geography of the heavens" shines out as brightly as the constellations that on sparkling nights were traced by teachers and pupils together. But the discipline of those old academies was lax, object the stricter pedagogues. Possibly. Certainly, on one occasion, when two miserable sinners presented themselves at the close of an unheard-of day of truancy, with a peace offering of wild strawberries in a basket of maple leaves, no harsher words were forthcoming from the gentle teacher's lips than "Never do it again without asking leave." And they never did. Perhaps a sterner word was needed, but the ready forgiveness and the cheerful love that came half way to meet the penitents fall athwart the quarter century like a ray of light.

A writer in *Good Words* reviews mechanical and scientific progress during the reign of Queen Victoria, and finds much to cause astonishment:—

There is something in the catalogue of mechanical devices which almost affects the mind with fatigue. We remember a village where even in 1852 the common people did not know who the Duke of Wellington was. No such thing as a newspaper had been seen there within the memory of man; only one or two of the natives had seen a railway-engine, and nobody in the whole village had been known to visit a town. But nowadays the village has his high-class news-sheet; and he is very much discontented indeed if he does not see the latest intelligence from America, India, Australia, China—everywhere. We use no paradox when we say that every man in the civilized world now lives next door to everybody else; oceans are merely convenient pathways,

howling deserts are merely handy places for planting telegraph poles and for swinging wires along which thoughts travel between country and country with the velocity of lightning. We see that the world with its swarming populations is growing more and more like some great organism whereof the nerve-centers are subtly, delicately connected by sensitive nerve-tissues. Even now using a lady's thimble, two pieces of metal, and a little acid, we can speak to a friend across the Atlantic Gulf, and before ten years are over, a gentleman in London will doubtless be able to sit in his office and hear the actual tones of some speaker in New York. So much has the magic half-century brought about; and one sovereign has presided over the eager, ingenious, restless population whose interacting energies and competitions have brought about these results which beggar language when we try to describe them fitly. If we think of the scientific knowledge possessed by the most intelligent men when the Queen ascended the throne, we can hardly refrain from smiling, for it seems as though we were studying the mental endowment of a race of children. The science of electricity was in its infancy; the laws of force were misunderstood; men did not know what heat really was. They knew next to nothing of the history of the globe, and they accounted for the existence of varying species of plants and animals by means of the most infantile hypotheses. A complete revolution—vital and all-embracing—has altered our modes of thought, so that the man of 1887 can scarcely bring himself to conceive the state of mind which contented the man of 1837.

That is it—a "cataract of stone." At the very top of it is a church, of course. The church is at the top of everything in Italy, or used to be. Just below it a large hospital for lepers. It seems odd enough that this spot, where the blessed sunshine and pure, warm air give healing to so many from afar, is itself the home of so dreadful and persistent a disease! One calls out involuntarily, yet pityingly, "Physician, heal thyself!" One would think a careful supervision would have made an end of it before this time. I think Germany would have done so. But Italy has not. So they pick up the poor victims of the malarial as soon as discovered, and give them a good home up in the sunshine, and let them waste away as comfortably as possible. It is the real Asiatic (?) leprosy, which eats away joint after joint, feature after feature, slowly but surely devouring the poor body on which its poisonous fangs have once fastened. We saw two old women at the window getting the sun. They seemed to enjoy it as much as we who, from without, looked on them—about to die—with awe. And yet, I thought, who knows that we shall not go first after all? For the doctor tells me they have a good appetite, and seem to hold on to their pleasant (?) quarters as long as the average of people to theirs. I am sure their home is more conducive to life than most in the "cataract of stone," for no sun ever gets the least peep into these, while it pours into every pane of the leper-house on the hill. These two women had parts of their faces and hands covered with cloths, and turned away as if not liking to be looked at. I learn that there are but a few cases there now, and that victims of this disease are lodged here who come from all this section of Italy and the south of France, as well as from the vicinity. If one likes, he may visit the lepers and see all their life. There is no contagion. The nurses never become leprosy.

Since writing the above, we have visited Bordighera, Mentone, Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes, making some stops in each. We think San Remo the most to our taste. Statistics pronounce it the warmest, and in our judgment the pleasantest, of all the delightful winter homes along the Riviera. Monte Carlo is the smartest and handsomest; of all Nice the largest and most fashionable; Mentone has most available excursions and fine points of view; Cannes has the most varied and picturesque sea view (two islands—one of which is the historic prison of the man with the iron mask and Bazaine—on the east, and the Esterel hills on the west, making the Cannes folks justly proud); Bordighera the finest palaces; but San Remo is warmer than any of them, more homelike, in itself more charming and comfortable. Mind you, I speak as a passing visitor, not as a resident of ten years or even ten months in each place might speak. I may change my mind some time.

They worship the English in these places; and rightly, if ludicrously, for the English visitors have made the towns. A local guide of Mentone is very amusing reading. Two-thirds of it is taken up with what Her Majesty did here and what she did there, who sent her bouquets, where her boat was kept, whose dogs and factories she visited, whose shop she patted. Very interesting reading when one is trying to find out how to see the town!

One odd proof of the mild climate is the out-door plumbing! Water-pipes going up garden walls, and along the outside of houses, and emptying into open tanks—water trickling and leaping everywhere Jan. 20! And water is plenty—there's a great comfort in Italy and Switzerland. All over these lands, in out-of-the-way places, as well as in public squares, one finds ever-flowing fountains which would be a terror to the calculating Water Board of Newton!

One trained to paying 3-1-2 cents per hundred, involuntarily trembles at the waste, then thanks God for one section of the world where, if it is "down-trodden," water is plenty and free!

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To travelers of my calibre I strongly commend Hotel du Parc at San Remo, de Midì at Nice, Smith at Genoa, and de Paris at Rome. It would be hard to find a better hotel than the latter at any price, and the keepers, man and wife, do succeed in making one feel so comfortable and at home! I recommend Hotel du Parc at San Remo, and de Paris at Rome. If going abroad, put this out, and it will be "worth the

subscription price of the paper," as publishers say, for ten years; and if you want sunshine and warmth in the winter, go to San Remo. Good board is to be had for \$1.60 per day.

San Remo, Italy, Jan. 25.

PROHIBITION IN RHODE ISLAND.

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

MR. EDITOR: In accordance with your request, I send you the substance of my facts presented at Tremont Temple on the 20th of February, at the anniversary of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society.

The policy of the liquor dealers in Rhode Island was outlined in the remark made by one of them three days after the prohibitory amendment had been adopted. He said: "They have got us sure if they can enforce it. But it must be our policy to make the law as odious as possible until we can secure its repeal." Their first step was to prevent the Governor from declaring the result of the vote on the ground of illegality in the election. By official proclamation George Peabody Wetmore, governor of the State, declared that more than three-fifths of the votes cast on that question were in its favor, and therefore the prohibitory amendment had become a part of the constitution of the State.

The next step was to obstruct the law by securing delay in the courts. Counsel was secured to defend those dealers who violated the law, and at every point where delays were possible, sentences were prevented. "Exceptions" were taken which carried the cases to the Supreme Court for their decision, thereby preventing the officials, however honest they be in their efforts to enforce the law, from punishing those who purposely defy both statute and organic law. "Because sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed," men are likely to go on in their wickedness; but when these cases come back to the court of common pleas for sentence, and these convicted criminals go to jail, there will be a very different story to tell.

The next step was to fill the air with "prohibition don't prohibit," and in connection with that to proceed to petition the General Assembly to re-submit the question by proposing an amendment abrogating the prohibitory amendment. The following is the text of the petition now being circulated to be presented to the General Assembly:—

To the Honorable General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations:—

The undersigned, taxpayers and business men of this State, feeling that the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is injurious to the best interests of the State, as well as incapable of enforcement; that it has placed the liquor business beyond control and supervision, has disarranged business and depreciated the price of real estate, respectfully petition your honorable body to put before the people of this State an amendment to the Constitution abrogating the prohibition amendment, so called, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

As you see, it purports to be from "tax-payers and business men." It is designed to present a very serious aspect of the case—to show how seriously it affects business.

Having a copy of one of those petitions, and being acquainted with a number of the signers, I went to Olneyville and inquired of the one whose name stood second on the petition, "Is real estate depreciating in Olneyville?" He replied, "Not that I know of." I said, "Are you sure?" He said, "I don't know of any such thing." I then asked, "What is the significance of your name on that paper then?" He said, "I don't think I signed any such paper as that; I signed it because I believe in high license, and always did." I asked another business man whose name was on there, "How is trade with you?" His reply was, "Dull this month." "Well, how was your fall trade?" He said, "I never had a better trade in my life than last year." He made the same statement to a drummer in my presence who came in to sell goods. And when I asked him, "Is real estate depreciating in Olneyville?" He said, "Not much. Mr. Jones has just sold out his business property on this street at his own price, and I am assured that he is very much pleased with the large price that it brought."

Next I called upon a dealer in real estate, and said, "I have a friend who wishes to invest in real estate in Olneyville. What business property is to be sold here?" He informed me of a block that he understood to be for sale at a price which in his estimation was very low. "How much?" said I. "Fifteen thousand dollars!" "The owner paid \$10,000, didn't he?" "I believe he did; and he has laid out about \$2,000 upon it. It is cheap as dirt at \$15,000!" After pricing other property, I found that land that had been held at \$4 per foot is now held at \$5 per foot. I asked, "How comes it about, then, that your name is on a document saying that real estate is depreciating?" He assured me that he had not done any such thing. On showing him the paper where his name stood, he was surprised, and said, "I didn't know that was in there. I didn't read it." He didn't know of anything looking that way unless in case of landlords who

it tumbles the oddest of Italian towns, a strange mass of arches and churches and steep lanes, rushing down like a stone cataract to the sea. On either side of the town lie deep ravines, with lemon gardens along their bottoms, and olives thick along their sides. The olive is the characteristic tree of San Remo."

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MR. EDITOR: In accordance with your request, I send you the substance of my facts presented at Tremont Temple on the 20th of February, at the anniversary of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society.

The policy of the liquor dealers in Rhode Island was outlined in the remark made by one of them three days after the prohibitory amendment had been adopted. He said: "They have got us sure if they can enforce it. But it must be our policy to make the law as odious as possible until we can secure its repeal." Their first step was to prevent the Governor from declaring the result of the vote on the ground of illegality in the election. By official proclamation George Peabody Wetmore, governor of the State, declared that more than three-fifths of the votes cast on that question were in its favor, and therefore the prohibitory amendment had become a part of the constitution of the State.

The next step was to obstruct the law by securing delay in the courts. Counsel was secured to defend those dealers who violated the law, and at every point where delays were possible, sentences were prevented. "Exceptions" were taken which carried the cases to the Supreme Court for their decision, thereby preventing the officials, however honest they be in their efforts to enforce the law, from punishing those who purposely defy both statute and organic law. "Because sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed," men are likely to go on in their wickedness; but when these cases come back to the court of common pleas for sentence, and these convicted criminals go to jail, there will be a very different story to tell.

The next step was to fill the air with "prohibition don't prohibit," and in connection with that to proceed to petition the General Assembly to re-submit the question by proposing an amendment abrogating the prohibitory amendment. The following is the text of the petition now being circulated to be presented to the General Assembly:—

To the Honorable General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations:—

The undersigned, taxpayers and business men of this State, feeling that the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is injurious to the best interests of the State, as well as incapable of enforcement; that it has placed the liquor business beyond control and supervision, has disarranged business and depreciated the price of real estate, respectfully petition your honorable body to put before the people of this State an amendment to the Constitution abrogating the prohibition amendment, so called, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

As you see, it purports to be from "tax-payers and business men." It is designed to present a very serious aspect of the case—to show how seriously it affects business.

Having a copy of one of those petitions, and being acquainted with a number of the signers, I went to Olneyville and inquired of the one whose name stood second on the petition, "Is real estate depreciating in Olneyville?" He replied, "Not that I know of." I said, "Are you sure?" He said, "I don't know of any such thing." I then asked, "What is the significance of your name on that paper then?" He said, "I don't think I signed any such paper as that; I signed it because I believe in high license, and always did." I asked another business man whose name was on there, "How is trade with you?" His reply was, "Dull this month." "Well, how was your fall trade?" He said, "I never had a better trade in my life than last year." He made the same statement to a drummer in my presence who came in to sell goods. And when I asked him, "Is real estate depreciating in Olneyville?" He said, "Not much. Mr. Jones has just sold out his business property on this street at his own price, and I am assured that he is very much pleased with the large price that it brought."

Next I called upon a dealer in real estate, and said, "I have a friend who wishes to invest in real estate in Olneyville. What business property is to be sold here?" He informed me of a block that he understood to be for sale at a price which in his estimation was very low. "How much?" said I. "Fifteen thousand dollars!" "The owner paid \$10,000, didn't he?" "I believe he did; and he has laid out about \$2,000 upon it. It is cheap as dirt at \$15,000!" After pricing other property, I found that land that had been held at \$4 per foot is now held at \$5 per foot. I asked, "How comes it about, then, that your name is on a document saying that real estate is depreciating?" He assured me that he had not done any such thing. On showing him the paper where his name stood, he was surprised, and said, "I didn't know that was in there. I didn't read it." He didn't know of anything looking that way unless in case of landlords who

had got \$40 to \$45 per month for run-shops, and they couldn't get near as much rent for any other business. I learned that the man whose name headed that petition had increased the price of his rents there, varying from \$200 to \$500, and even \$1,050 per year—the latter price being paid by the man whose name stood second on the petition.

The official figures show that the law has decreased crime as compared with the same period in 1885. In the city of Providence the arrests in the last six months under prohibition are 1,136 less than in the last six months under license; and 236 of these were of liquor-dealers themselves, which, being deducted, increases the percentage of decrease under prohibition. For drunkenness and revelling the arrests in the last six months under prohibition in 1886 were 1,054 less than in the last six months of 1885 under license—a decrease of over 42 per cent. under prohibition; while the common drunkards in the last six months are only 23 against 60 in the corresponding months of 1885—but three over one-third as many. Arrests of vagrants and sturdy beggars under this six months of prohibition in 1886, were only 59 against 108 in the same period in 1885.

Another fact: The arrests for drunkenness in the six months under license ending June 30, 1886, as compared with the same period in 1885, show that there was an increase in 1886 under license of 18.3 per cent., while under prohibition in the first six months there is a decrease in arrests of over 42 per cent!

In Newport, the arrests for drunkenness under prohibition from July 1 to Dec. 31 were 86 less than in the corresponding period in the previous year; while for common drunkards there were 10 in 1885 and 0 in 1886 in those months.

In Pawtucket there is an apparent increase under prohibition; but in all the other large places there has been a decrease in the arrests for drunkenness and kindred crimes.

The numbers sent to our work-house in the last six months of 1886 from the entire State, were only 141 against 309 in the same period in 1885 under license—a decrease of 168 under prohibition. Now, nearly all of those sent to that institution go because of the use of intoxicating liquors; the saving to the State at this rate will be nearly \$18,000 per annum in the cost of maintenance at the work-house.

Our streets in Providence are much more quiet than formerly, and we have great reason to be thankful for the good already accomplished by prohibition.

PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE LETTER.

BY REV. G. T. REYNOLDS.

Pennsylvania law makes the municipal elections take place in February. The cities of the State are, like those in other States, brought to face the question of reform in government. There is no more serious question to be considered by the American people than this one; no more imperative duty resting upon the voters than to see that the proper persons are put into office, and that the laws for the suppression of vice are enforced. It is in the cities the reckless, law-breaking classes have their headquarters, and make their plans that are filled with danger to our free institutions. Pittsburgh and Allegheny, for the past few years







## The Sunday School.

## SECOND QUARTER, LESSON 1.

Sunday, April 3.

Gen. 37: 23-36.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D. N.

## JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "But the Lord was with Joseph and showed him mercy" (Gen. 39: 21).

2. DATE: A. C. 1729.

3. PLACE: Hebron, the home of Isaac and Jacob, about twenty miles south of Jerusalem. Dothan, where Joseph was sold to the Midianites by his brothers, was the name of a region north of Samaria and about fifteen miles from Shechem. It was the home of Ephraim when the king of Syria sent an army to capture him (2 Kings 6: 8-23). The distance from Hebron to Dothan is estimated to be seventy-five miles.

## HOME READINGS.

Monday. The dreams of Joseph, Gen. 37: 1-11.

Tuesday. The wrongs of Joseph, Gen. 37: 12-22.

Wednesday. The selling of Joseph, Gen. 37: 23-36.

Thursday. The prayer of the troubled, Psa. 69: 1-17.

Friday. The song of the believer, Psa. 37: 12-23.

Saturday. The sufferings of Christ, John 19: 1-24.

Sunday. The purpose of God, Acts 7: 1-16.

## CONNECTIONS.

1. Reconciliation of Jacob and Esau. 2. Joseph's return to his father.

3. Joseph's death and burial. 4. Joseph's burial in Egypt.

5. Joseph's burial in Egypt.

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Hagar. Ishmael had twelve sons, and their increase in this, the fifth, generation, is estimated by Dr. Murphy to have reached about fifteen thousand. They are here associated with the Midianites (verse 25), who also descended from Abraham, through Midian, his son by Keturah. The two classes probably fraternized. Gilead was the name of the district east of the Jordan, extending from the Gulf of Galilee to the Dead Sea. It was celebrated for its balsam (Jer. 40: 23). Spicery—either "the storax, the gum of the styrax tree" (E. H. Brown), a perfume. Balsam—the balsam of Gilead, an aromatic balsam, used for the healing of wounds. Myrrh—or ladanum, the resinous juice of the cistus rose, "an Arabic gum of strong, fragrant smell, used in the temples and employed for embalming." Egypt—Jacob's sons from Homer and Merodach to the effect that Egypt was "a storehouse for drugs, and a seat of physicians."

26. 27. Judah said, etc.—His appeal to his brothers to change their purpose and thus avoid the deed of fratricide, whatever may have been his inner feeling, was urged from the standpoint of avarice. There was no "profit" in killing him, or letting him starve; they might make something by selling him; and at the same time gratify their enmity by selling him as a slave to go to a foreign land. Were content—literally, "harkened."

28. Sold Joseph... for twenty pieces of silver—the same rate at which Moses afterwards (Lev. 25: 4) estimated a male from five to twenty years old. In those days silver was relatively more precious than gold, on account of its rarity. The value of the sum named is variously calculated at from \$5 to \$15 of our money.

29. 30. Reuben returned... rent his clothes.—The bargain had been made during his absence. His grief at not finding Joseph, whom he wished to restore unharmed to his home, was great, but he lacked the courage to reveal to his father the crime of which the brothers had been guilty. The first intention, in Scripture, of reading the clothes. The child is not—that is, dead. It is not told whether his brothers informed him of what had become of Joseph. Whither shall I go?—Being the oldest, his father would demand of him his absent son.

31. 32. Dipped the coat in the blood—to conceal their crime and account for Joseph's non-appearance. Perhaps, too, they took a secret joy in thus staining the hated garment. Sent the coat—not to bury but to face their father.

"Thy son's coat or no?" Not "our brother's coat," nor "Joseph's," but "thy son's," as if, even in this cruel imposture, they would reproach their father for his partiality to Joseph, and almost insinuate that he alone was considered as a son (Scott).

33. Rent in pieces—literally, "Torn, torn in pieces, is Joseph."

34. Rent his clothes and put sackcloth—tokens of extreme affliction. The sackcloth was, usually, a sack in shape, without sleeves, worn next to the skin, and made of rough, coarse material. This is the first instance in the Scriptures of wearing sackcloth.

35. Rase up to comfort him.—The sons were compelled to witness the heart-breaking grief of their father, and to add to their crime the hypocrisy of trying to comfort him. All his daughters—daughters-in-law, probably. Only one daughter is mentioned—Dinah. Down into the grave—into Sheol, the place of departed spirits.

Nothing can show more clearly the heart-rending cruelty of his sons than the fact of their so long withholding from him the truth, who their own consent of it was the occasion of so much suffering (Bush).

36. Sold him into Egypt.—The seat of government at that time was at Heliopolis, or On, at the head of the Delta. He was probably offered for sale at this place. Potiphar.—The name means "devoted to the sun." Captain of the guard.—According to Thierney Smith ("Joseph and His Times"), this was a place of high consideration. The military caste, ranking next to the priesthood, consisted of 40,000 men, who were divided into two corps, a thousand serving of each for a year as the king's body-guard. It is supposed that Potiphar was a captain of one of these divisions. Their office included that of inflicting punishment, and hence "captain of the guard" has been translated "captain of the executioners."

## IV. Illustrative.

1. JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.

Joseph has been recognized by most Christian interpreters as a type of Christ. In his father's love for him, in his being sent to his brethren, rejected by them, sold to the Gentiles, delivered to death; in the sanctity of his life, in his humiliation, in his exaltation to be a prince and a Saviour. The counsel of his brethren to prevent the fulfillment of his dreams, like the counsel of the Jews to prevent the fulfillment of the prophecies concerning Jesus, only served to bring about God's counsel (E. H. Brown).

## 2. MURDERERS IN THOUGHT.

Observe here the blood-guiltiness of these brothers. They did not take Joseph's life, but they intended to take it; they were, therefore, murderers. . . . The thought is as bad as the act, because the act would be committed if it could. But if these brethren of Joseph had mourned over and repented of their sin, would we dare to say that the thought would have been as bad as the act? But we do say that the thought in this case was as bad as the act, because it was not restrained or prevented by any regret or repentant feeling; it was merely prevented by the coming in of another passion; it was the triumph of avarice over malice. There is many a man who has not taken away a brother's life, but who by an indulgence of malice is in the sight of God a more sin-fallen man than many who have explained their guilt on the scaffold (F. W. Robertson).

## 3. NO PARTIALITY.

Another familiar principle observed by Mrs. Wesley in the education and training of her family, was that of thorough impartiality. There was no pet lamb in her deeply interesting household. Joseph among her children, to be decked out in a coat of many colors, to the envy of his less-loved brethren. It was supposed by some of her sisters that Martha was a greater favorite with Mrs. Wesley than the rest of her children, and Charles expressed his wonder that so wise a woman as his mother could give way to such a partiality, or did not better conceal it. This, however, was an evident mistake. Many years after, when the saying of her brother was mentioned to Martha, she replied: "What my sisters call partiality was what they all might have enjoyed if they had wished it, which was permission to sit in my pet lamb in her deep interest, to be allowed to listen to her conversation with others, and to hear her remarks on things and books out of school hours." There is certainly no evidence of partiality here. All her children stood before her on a common level, with equal claims, and all were treated in the same way (J. Kirk).

## RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

GENERAL METHODIST.

Rev. J. B. Smith, pastor of Zion M. E. Church, Kingston, N. Y., was elected chaplain of the Grand Army at its recent Albany encampment. He is the first colored man thus honored.

—There is a wonderful revival in progress in Martinsville, Ind.—206 conversions to the church, and many more conversions. Rev. T. D. Walker is the pastor.

—Mr. Gladstone, in response to a recent

application from a Methodist congregation in the Team Valley for some "chips," sent a log of oak from a tree cut down by himself. It was sawn into small pieces, which were sold at bazar prices, and a handsome sum was realized for the church funds.

—Prof. M. S. Terry, of Garrett Biblical Institute, leaves, April 1, for a few months' work in Europe. Most of the time will be spent in Berlin, where he will prosecute some special work in connection with his department.

—Nine or ten missionaries are to start for the Congo Valley, Africa, April 6, to join those already in the field, under direction of Bishop William Taylor. A farewell meeting will take place in Washington Square Church.

—In New Britain, Conn., Rev. G. L. Thompson, pastor, 100 have been added to the full membership roll, others yet being on probation, the fruit chiefly of a continuous revival for a year and over. This work has been carried forward in the ordinary week-day and Sabbath services. The church has come to look for accessions weekly, and in addition is doing an incidental work this year in paying off the entire debt of sixteen years' standing.

—The Washington Park Church, Bridgeport, Rev. E. A. Blake, pastor, has recently passed through a great financial revival, and provided for its mortgage debt of \$16,000.

—Rev. L. N. Munhall, who assisted Talmage in his recent great revival, is a local deacon of the M. E. Church and a member of Haynes Street, Germantown, Pa. He is now at work in Clarendon Street Baptist church, this city.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Sawyer, of Troy, N. Y., was happily celebrated in the chapel of the State Street M. E. Church. The chapel was a floral heaven. The pastor's estimable wife was unable to be present, on account of ill-health. A feature of the evening was the arrival of an express wagon, drawn by little boys and gaily decorated. In the wagon was a Japanese bowl containing 225 silver dollars. The bowl and its contents—a gift from the church—were presented to Mr. Sawyer by E. O. House, who made remarks appropriate to the occasion. Rev. Dr. H. C. Farrar, on behalf of the clergymen, presented Mr. Sawyer a fine etching. Dr. Farrar in a happy speech alluded to the juvenile brawling of a quarter of century ago. Mr. Sawyer had been married before he was twenty years of age. Refreshments were served, and a pleasant evening was spent in social intercourse.

—"Brother Johnson," of Chattanooga, of whom so much has been said recently, is witnessing a gracious revival in his church. Fifty persons have been converted.

Rev. J. C. W. Cox, D. D., of Burlington, Iowa, recently visited his mother, aged 80 years, and his grandmother, aged nearly 100 years, at Fort Ann, N. Y.

—The First M. E. Church of Rock Island, Ill., was organized—as a "class" in the Methodist fashion—fifty-one years ago, in the home of Judge Spencer. The leader of that class was Michael Hartzell. The names of the wives of these good men were also on the first "roll-book." Their sons are now honored and well-known ministers—Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D., of the Board of Church Extension, and Rev. J. C. Hartzell, D. D., of the Freedmen's Aid Society.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

—The W. C. T. U. have started a petition around the world against the sale of liquors in the Congo region.

—A circular has been issued by the New Hampshire State Temperance Union, inviting all clergymen in the State to preach upon the subject of temperance, Sunday, March 27, 1887, and to hold a union temperance meeting in the evening; to the end that sentiment be aroused against the traffic, and law be enforced against the saloon.

—The idea of a theological seminary at Ann Arbor, Mich., long mooted by several denominations, has at last taken form, and the Presbyterians are making active preparation for its establishment. A society has been organized to that end, and a wealthy woman has donated the site of the building, and the city for a site, besides giving them in her will a fine house and lot adjoining. Fifty thousand dollars will be raised in the State, of which \$15,000 will be used for a building.

—Rev. James Shaw, D. D., has been pastor of the Brick Church (Presbyterian) in Rochester, N. Y., for nearly forty-seven years. It now has 1,500 members. He was ordained fifty-five years ago, and, although nearly eighty years of age, is able to attend to the duties of his large parish, and rarely misses a service.

An old church in Utica, N. Y., which is soon to be torn down, belongs to a society which was organized by the Reformed Dutch in 1628, and chartered as a congregation by William III in 1696. The present building was erected in 1839, and during its erection a riot arose because the marble was cut by Sing Sing convicts.

—There was a notable wedding in the Congregational church at Salt Lake City the other day. The groom was Hong Hop, one of the leading Chinese merchants of the city, who has discarded the Chinese garb, joined the Congregational Church, and become an anti-Mormon. The bride was a young English girl who came to this country only six months ago.—*Christian Union*.

—The Christian Endeavor Society of the North Church, Springfield, Mass., sends out a circular to the Congregational Churches of the country, proposing that they assume the \$25,000 debt of the A. H. M. S., and pay it off by gifts averaging a dollar a member, before March 31, when the fiscal year closes. As a starter, this Society of a hundred members contributed \$129.50.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

In Night Sweats and Prostration.

Dr. R. STUBBART, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and in night sweats, with good results."

NO OTHER REMEDY Cures for Consumption. Cures where other Remedies fail. 25c.

GOOD OLD Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Best for Coughs, Croup, and Consumption. Get the genuine: CUTLER BROS. & CO., Boston.

A VIOLENT COUGH CONTINUED through the winter often brings Consumption in the spring. Sooty and tone the irritated and weakened lungs with Hays' Honey of Horehound and Tar, and the Cough yields and the danger disappears. 25c. 50c. and \$1.

AN IMPROVISED NECESSITY. What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

Every recommendation published in praise of Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer, as the great remedy for coughs, colds, etc., etc., is guaranteed genuine by the proprietors of this wonderful medicine. Watch for them in the market, and get the Cough Killer at all druggists. Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle.

For costiveness, biliousness, headache, and all febrile habits, use Dr. Seth Arnold's Bilious Pills. 25c.

## Commercial.

## BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES. MARCH 21, 1887.

APPLES—\$2.50 @ 3.25 @ bbl.

BERRIES—1.50 @ 2.00 @ bush.

BRAN—Medium, \$1.50 @ 1.80; Peas, \$1.75 @ 1.80; Yellow Eyes, 1.40 @ 1.50 @ bush.

BEEF—Mess, \$3.50 @ 4.00; Extra Mess, \$2.50 @ 3.00; Corned Beef, \$1.50 @ 1.75 @ bbl.

BUTTER—17 @ 20c. @ lb.

CABBAGES—\$1.50 @ 1.75 @ bbl.

CARROTS—50c. @ bush.

CELERY—\$5.00 @ 6.00 @ box.

CHEESE—13 @ 14c. @ lb.

COFFEE—Java, 15 @ 25; Maracabo, 14 @ 15; Mocha, 21 @ 25; Rio, 13 @ 14c. @ lb.

CORN—\$2.25 @ 2.50 @ bush.

CORNMEAL—\$3.25 @ 3.50 @ bbl.

DATES—40c. @ bush.

DRIED APPLES—5 @ 15c. @ lb.

EGGS—17 @ 18c. @ doz.

FLOUR—7 @ 25c. @ lb.

FLOUR—Superior, \$2.25 @ 2.50; extras, 3.00 @ 4.10; bakers', 2.50 @ 4.50; Michigan stone, 4.10 @ 4.50 @ bbl.

HAY—\$17.00 @ 17.50 @ ton.

HUBBARD SQUASH—\$3.00 @ \$3.25 @ bbl.

LAMB—8 @ 10c. @ lb.

LARD—3c. @ lb.

LETTUCE—75c. @ — doz.

LEMONS—\$2.00 @ 2.50 @ box.

MILK—\$2.00 @ 2.50 @ bbl.

MAPLE SYRUP—\$5 @ 12c. @ lb.

MAPLE SYRUP—75c. @ gal.

MARROW SQUASH—\$2.50 @ bbl.

MATS—\$1.50 @ 40c. @ bush.

ONIONS—\$2.50 @ 3.00 @ bush.

ORANGES—\$2.00 @ 2.50 @ box.

PEANUTS—3 @ 5c. @ lb.

PEAS—\$1.50 @ 1.80 @ bush.

PORK—\$17.75 @ 18.25 @ bbl.

POTATOES—4 @ 6c. @ bush.

POULTRY—Chicken, choice, 13 @ 14c.; Fowls, 10 @ 12; Geese and Ducks, 10 @ 12c.; choice fresh-killed young Turkeys, 13 @ 14c. @ lb.

RAISINS—Lyon Muscatels, \$2.00 @ 2.20; London Layers, \$1.75 @ 2.25 @ box.

RICE—3 @ 4c. @ lb.

RYE—60 @ 65c. @ bush.

RYE FLOUR—\$3.25 @ 3.50 @ bbl.

SWEET POTATOES—\$1.25 @ 2.50 @ bbl.

TEA—Green, 15 @ 35; Black, 20 @ 35; Oolong, 18 @ 60c. @ lb.

TURNIPS—St. Andrew, \$1.25 @ bbl.

TURKISH SQUASH—\$2.75 @ 3.00 @ bbl.

WHEAT—Medium, \$1.50 @ 1.80; common to good middling, 1.50 @ 1.80; whole, 1.50 @ 1.80.

REMARKS.—The Flour market continues in about the same condition as it has been for many weeks past. There is some anxiety on the part of traders to see what effect the Interstate Commerce Bill which goes into force in April, will have on the Flour market; the outlook for freight rates is uncertain, but the general feeling seems to be that they will be higher when the new law goes into operation. The Potato market remains quiet, with liberal receipts, and the tone is only fairly steady; prices are nominally unchanged. There is a fair business being transacted in Apples, and the market continues firm; some fancy Maine Baldwins will continue above the outside quotation. Choice Poultry continues steady, with fine small Turkeys selling at 13 @



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## Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1887.

### THE LESSONS OF THE HOUR.

The secular press has devoted whole pages to the incidents of the late casualty occurring within the limits of our city, and to discussions of the probable cause of the disaster. Coming so soon after somewhat similar fatal railroad accidents in Vermont and other portions of the country—although in no one of these instances has the loss of life been so great, or the number of the mangled so large—this last event has produced a profound impression on the community. The other appalling casualties happened at a distance, just as terrible, indeed, in themselves, and in one instance, at least, involving families in this vicinity, but this last tragedy transpired under our own eyes, and almost near enough for us to hear the dying cries of the killed and of the fearfully wounded. The fatal cases removed familiar faces from our places of business, from pleasant homes in a beautiful ward of the city, and from our religious societies. We have not a heart to repeat the pathetic incidents which occurred at the scene of indescribable ruin. We have no wisdom to suggest any possible defenses against such events. Probably this was one of those occurrences against which human foresight could offer no certain protection. No railroad has a higher reputation for the careful supervision of its route and the use of every practical invention to add to the comfort and to insure the safety of its patrons. One of the most accomplished superintendents in the country watches carefully and constantly over these interests, and our heartiest sympathies are with him in the keen distress he must suffer in this unredeemed and unavoidable catastrophe. Within a few years the bridge on this branch had been renewed, and the woodwork, although it had given no signs of weakness, had been replaced with iron. An expert, also, several times a year, gives the bridges a thorough examination.

We have no desire to discuss the question of Providence, which sometimes thrusts itself forward on such occasions; or to try to solve the mysteries relating to those who lost that one fatal train, greatly to their disappointment, or were singularly detained, or anticipated their usual hour by leaving home earlier; or as to those who, in an instant, without warning, were hurried into the life beyond. It is in vain to attempt to read such veiled events:

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps on the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

There is one aspect of these events that the secular press will not be likely to take, and it is to consider this that we recall a disaster so unpleasant that we are disposed to turn our eyes from it as soon as possible. There is something remarkable in the ready recovery of confidence after such occurrences. They seem to make almost as slight impressions as the passage of a ship through the sea. The waves close up immediately behind her track, and no scar is left upon the surface. A moment's surprise, a sigh of distress, an expression of indignation that better provision is not made against fire, and the Vermont tragedy passes from consideration. Before the fatal Monday was over, we were riding in the cars as unconscious of danger as if no casualty had ever happened to travelers. But such events have a significance in this world of human discipline. They come from natural causes, indeed, which may be, usually, readily

discovered; but they are events included in the unerring wisdom of God's providence, and are as much intended for our instruction as the holy sentences of the Sacred Scriptures. These deaths are not vicarious. The sufferers in this calamity were not exposed to this danger unprepared for our sakes, but their fate is not the less intended to be a lesson of grace for us. The uncertainty that attaches to our mortal life is one of the most impressive features of it. There is no exact measure to our existence. There is no absolute defence against death at any point. We may, and ought to, defend ourselves from all forms of diseases, and use diligence with much success in shielding ourselves from possible accidents; but there is no hour in our existence when, in spite of all our fortifications, the sudden and fatal arrow may not find its way between the links of our armor.

We constantly forget this. The ordinary forms in which human life is quenched fail to impress us. We become used to deaths from disease and common accidents. It is only when some unusual and startling disaster like the one which has just occurred, happens, that we stop amazed, hold our breath for a moment, and really feel that we are mortal. Thus Providence overrules such casualties for our warning. "God speaks once, yea, twice." To fail to listen, will possibly destroy the most effectual message which God sends to prepare us for an imminent event. The lesson which He teaches in such an incident is, that a constant, prayerful, trustful preparation is the only safeguard during our mortal life. A friend in New York, who is often suddenly called to cross the Atlantic, always has a valise carefully packed, so that he may not be unprovided in an emergency. In our rapid and exposed life, we need have our heavenly robe and passport ready, and then it matters not how suddenly, as in the case of the great Brooklyn preacher, or by what casualty, as in these appalling railroad accidents, we are summoned, we shall be ready, without terror, to respond and say, "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly!"

### THE MARCH METHODIST REVIEW.

Conundrum: How do 100,000 Methodists of literary habits manage to deny themselves the reading of the Review? Such is the unanswered query on rising from its teeming pages.

A vision: This a Conference Sunday in old Lynn Common Church away back in the '50s. A slender, beardless youth before a hushed assembly is ordained to the ministry under appointment to join William Butler in far India. Before us is the same face, matured and toll-marked, with beard of argent and sable. Beneath the name, a household word throughout the Methodist, if not the evangelical, world—J. M. Thoburn. "Malaysia" is the theme of his article, and like the Eastern explorers of old, he fires his readers with his nineteenth-century and Christian tale of the mysterious Orient. Under that name are grouped the bodies insular and peninsular cleaving the waters between Asia and Australia, having a land area not less than that of Charles Europe. Rich in resources, able to support the densest population on the globe, scarcely free from pirates, tribal wars and barbarism, now receiving large infusion of the overflowing, pushing, tolling Chinese blood, easy of access through a spreading and forming Malay tongue, sooner or later to be wooed, frowned or bombarded into decency and civilized order by European power, probably English, possibly Bismarck's, Dr. Thoburn covets Malaysia more keenly than trader, pirate or king—covets it for Christ. Apparently abandoned or overlooked by other English-speaking missionaries, though far-sightedly besieged by an abundant Roman force, we scarcely know whether to rejoice that one royal Methodist has begun to evangelize the 100,000 citizens of cosmopolitan insular Singapore, the key to the whole region, or to tremble that re-enforcements are not following up his attack. Surely it is written, "The Isles shall wait for Thy law;" but is it anywhere written that it is safe for us to make them wait?

"Wesley's Variations in Belief and the Influence of the Same on Methodism," by Rev. A. S. Graves, should be read by millions of Methodists of two classes—those who have the time to read Wesley's Sermons and Journal, and those who have it not; a key for the former, a doctored record for the latter. For thirty-five years of his ministry, on the questions of personal salvation, Mr. Wesley's views and words varied as many points as the needle of an ocean steamer threading her way out of port; but for the last thirty years they became so established that the various Methodisms have veered not a point doctrinally. The weight of a Wesleyan quotation depends wholly upon its date. Four strata of states and utterances are easily discoverable. From 1727 to 1739 he was an extreme legalist, seeking salvation solely by works—a barren period. He preached the extreme Calvinist doctrine that death must save us from sin. Perhaps from him is the *Anale* of the prayer of a good colored Methodist preacher of Presbyterian antecedents: "When can I serve Thee no more on earth drain us dry of sin and take us high and happy to glory!" From 1739 to 1742 he preached the Lutheran salvation by faith alone (without

works) and Moravian Mysticism, confusing regeneration and entire sanctification, and holding that the truly saved could not fall. From 1745 to 1757 he held to gradual sanctification through self-denial, prayer, fasting and the like. This was agreed by him and his preachers "rarely to speak in full, explicit terms concerning entire sanctification." From 1762, however, the doctrine of Christian perfection, attainable in an instant by a simple act of faith, became his chief theme. His last recorded utterance on this subject was: "Whenever you have opportunity of speaking to believers, urge them to go on to perfection. Spare no pains." Somewhere in these four periods are the feet of every Methodist, lay and clerical. Some of the most bitter utterances against the doctrine of entire sanctification have been made up of quotations from his early works, which might as well have been used to prove justification by works. Appeal should ever be made from Wesley immature to Wesley mature—his views from 1762 to 1791.

Prof. O. B. Super, of Carlisle, Pa., writes upon the "Cradle of the Aryans," and champions the theory that they originated in Europe and sent out emigrants eastward into Asia, rather than *vice versa*. About every argument used in support of the prevailing theory, he turns to the proof of the reverse. We shall not be surprised to have it demonstrated that, appearances and traditions to the contrary notwithstanding, wagons propel the horses instead of horses drawing the wagons. In his view the related Asiatics are but widely removed and degenerated peoples from Germany, from whence have swarmed the present conquering Anglo-Saxon race.

"Making the Appointments," by the venerable James Porter, D. D., touches the tender spot of many Methodists. Despite their doctrinal unity, the church has had deep and rending agitation over administration. Not least has been the discussion now in hand. He urges the election of presiding elders, on nomination by the Bishop, after the analogy, he might have said, of the pastor's nomination of stewards and trustees, and their having an authoritative voice in the appointments. This was the plan carefully prepared and actually adopted in the General Conference of 1820, by a vote of 61 to 25. But it was so distasteful to those persons of prelatical notions, as Joshua Soule, Dr. Capers, and others who afterward caused the church so much trouble, that for the sake of peace it was suspended for a quadrennium or so, and at length rescinded amid the rising anti-slavery contest. Dr. Porter claims that all the other great interests of the church's administration are dependent on the voting advice of chosen bodies, and asks why the most important of them all is left entirely to the will of perhaps an entire stranger. He argues from the English experience of free negotiations subject to the approval of the stationing committee, and then of the Conference, that in no way tends to destroy the itinerancy, but rather to harmonize and beget confidence in it. All the arrangements which the presiding elders do and must make, and those which churches do and will make, for all of which there is no authority, should be put into legal form with well-distributed responsibilities. Dr. Porter's age and intimate acquaintance with Methodism make him a worthy adviser in championing the welfare of pastors and people.

Prof. Charles F. Bradley, of Evanston, pays very high tribute to Thayer's Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament. An interesting history of the origin and growth of such works is given, up to this stupendous work—the toll of more than twenty-one years. He regards the notes of Prof. Thayer, corrective of doubtful and dangerous statements on the part of the original German author, Grimm, as not the least valuable part of the work, and wishes there were more to make it a perfectly safe work for those far from general libraries.

"Want of Success of the Pulpit," the editor acknowledges, and attributes to a largely unconscious neglect to declare to sinners the whole counsel of God as to sin and depravity. He declares that a subject upon which the pulpit is long silent, will soon drop from mind. To him the discipline is Scriptural when it places emphasis both as to quality and order upon preaching intended (1) to convince of sin; (2) to offer Christ; (3) to invite. And without faithfulness in these fundamentals, time is not as well spent as might be in the last particular (4) to build up. Men will want and seek salvation in proportion as they perceive their need of it.

In the editorial pages are discussed the questions of evangelists, and of city evangelization, while the missionary survey is peculiarly rich and varied.

### Personal and Miscellaneous.

The Congregational Publishing Society issues an excellent choral service for Easter, entitled, "The Glorious Hope." It is arranged by M. C. Hazard; its music by J. W. Tufts. 5 cents.

In their beautiful Easter brochure, E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, give us a fine specimen of European printing and lithography. Their charming "Lily and the Cross," is from the press of Ernest Nister, of Nuremberg. The sweet and appropriate poem is by E. Nesbit, and the illustrations are specially attractive, making altogether an exquisite gift for the season. Price, 75 cents.

President G. T. Angell, of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has prepared a series of attractive and instructive leaflets, happily illustrated, and teaching the blessed grace of mercy to dumb animals. The whole set of eight is sent by mail for 5 cents. The monthly organ of the Society—*Our Dumb Animals*—is always crowded with interesting incidents, and should find a patron in every family. 50 cents a year.

No nearer educational annual has come into our office than the third year Catalogue of the School of Expression, of which S. S. Curry, Ph. D., is the successful director. It gives a list of the able faculty, the names of students, and a full exposition of the plan and curriculum of this very successful institution. Copies of the annual can be obtained by addressing Dr. Curry at Freeman Place, Beacon St., Boston.

A note from our excellent missionary in Milan, Italy, Rev. Wm. Burt, announces a delightful domestic incident, bringing a flood of sunshine into their distant home. March 4 a son was born into their family. We bear to the happy parents our hearty congratulations.

Rev. C. W. Drees, who visited our city a short time since, and who is soon to leave for his new position as superintendent of our missions in South America, is earnestly engaged in collecting funds for a mission press, which he expects to take up with him. The plan is heartily approved by the Board at New York. Its importance as an evangelizing agency is earnestly affirmed by Bishop Warren, who now has the field in charge, and by Bishop Fowler, who has but lately returned from it. As Bro. Drees expects to sail May 20, he is anxious to secure the necessary funds at an early day. Any contributions will be gratefully received, and devoted to this purpose, if addressed to him at Xenia, Ohio.

The essay read before the Alpha Chapter of Boston University by Rev. James Mudge, B. D., on "Baptism with the Holy Ghost," is a remarkably able and discriminating discussion of a very important doctrine of the New Testament, and a vital element in a clear Christian experience. Bro. Mudge differs, in his exposition, from some later writers on the "higher life," but supports his view by ample Scriptural references, and by an appeal to Mr. Wesley's writings. It is a document that will command the attention of our thoughtful and devout readers, will correct certain misapprehensions, and will prove an inspiration and a guide to richer views of the provisions of the Gospel. The pamphlet can be found at Magee's. Price 5 cents.

A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* from Birmingham, Ala., writes: "We met, only the other day, Dr. Rust and his admiring wife of Cincinnati returning from a visit, in the interest of the Methodist Freedmen's Aid Society, to the Southwest, visiting estates in New Orleans, Orleans and Little Rock for the establishment of schools of housekeeping for colored girls. Nothing short of a thorough working of this end of education will abolish the frightful new slavery of Southern housekeepers to the mob of 'unpardonable' tramps that now buldize the Southern home under the thin pretense of service."

As we were going to press, we received this touching note from Rev. J. W. Bemis, of Northfield, Vt.:—"A great sorrow has fallen upon us. Our beloved daughter, Clara, wife of Rev. H. Merrill Hitchcock, of the Troy Annual Conference, passed to her eternal home this morning, comforting us, however, with words of love and triumph."

Our brother has our sincerest sympathies.

Died, in Cambridge, Mass., March 10, Mrs. Susan Pickering Bemis, wife of the late Emory Bemis, esq., aged 80 years. Funeral services were held at her late residence, and the remains were then taken to Waltham and laid beside those of her husband and her sainted father, Rev. Geo. Pickering, one of the founders of Methodism in New England. A biographical sketch will appear later.

Mr. H. H. Faxon makes an earnest appeal to the Legislature not to pass the bill before them, "To Regulate the Observance of the Lord's Day." He thinks no one would esteem him to be Puritanical, but he is quite well assured that this bill would be found to be of greater benefit to those who mean to defy law, than to honest and God-fearing citizens. He thinks the existing Sunday laws are but slightly oppressive to a few, while the present effort to secure a change is so sweeping that it will result in universal lawlessness. He is especially fearful of the privilege of liquor-selling by druggists will be greatly abused.

Our Wesleyan brethren in London have arranged to sell their memorial Centennial Hall, on Bishopsgate St., erected a half century ago, and to build larger for the accommodation of the growing congregational offices, and for a large central hall. They have found a fine site, with a frontage on the Thames Embankment, and the sale of the memorial property will meet the expenses of a large and commodious building. The hall in later years has been called the Mission House, as the Wesleyan Missionary Society has found its offices here. In the new building the very valuable Allan Library will have ample provision made for its accommodation.

Our artists, especially ladies, owe much to Messrs. L. Prang & Co., for their enterprise and liberality in employing their services in the preparation of characteristic and elegant gifts for the great Christian festivals. Seven of our lady artists and five gentlemen have contributed fresh designs for the Easter symbols of the present season. The results presented, with the rare taste and generous outlays of the publishers, are particularly attractive this spring. They are issued in variety of form, on satin, padded, in boxes, on cards, consisting of appropriate flowers, the figures of children and cherubs, with elaborate illustrations of the resurrection, at large prices and for small ones. Would that the precious and comforting Gospel of the risen Christ might be preached by these sweet and beautiful messengers. They can be found at Magee's.

A former teacher in one of our Boston schools, a niece of a member of the Wesleyan Association well known to our readers, who vells herself under her initials, E. F., has written a tender and elevating Easter poem, applying Mary's vision of our risen Lord in the garden, to our own hearts.

The centurion stretch between her life and ours; Yet, as to-day we reach the Cross with flowers, She in our solemn gladness bears a part, And we claim kinship with her loving heart. For saints in earth and heaven rejoice as one At the glad rising of the Easter sun.

The volume is entitled, "A Thought for Easter." It is very neatly issued from the press of Rand, Avery Company, and is published by H. H. Carter & Karkick, 3 Beacon St., Boston.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Wise, so long the greatly-esteemed editor of *Zion's Herald*, writes from Englewood, N. J., March 16:—"My DEAR DOCTOR PERCIE: I was quite surprised, on opening the dear old *Herald* this morning, to read the announcement of your intended abandonment of its tripod. Though it is natural that the weight of years should make you feel that a change is desirable, yet, as one of your readers, I cannot but regret that the stern voices of nature call you to your prospective relinquishment of a chair which you have filled with good credit to yourself and to the satisfaction of the patrons of the paper. You are the Nestor of the editors of the *HERALD*—a distinction of which you may be justly proud. But my regret over your resignation is softened by the announcement that Dr. D. A. Goodsell is to be your successor. His qualifications are so obvious to those who know him best, and his character, as a man, and his devotion to the Association may properly be congratulated on having secured his services, and the readers of the *HERALD* may abide his entrance upon his duties in the confidence that he will make such a paper as will meet their intellectual and spiritual needs, and keep it in the fore-front as an exponent of Methodism."

The very interesting and valuable document, which Rev. C. S. Nutter has just republished from a rare copy which had come into his possession, is now out from the press. It is, as far as practicable, an exact reproduction of the first editions of our Discipline, under the title of "Minutes of Several Conversations between the Rev. Thomas Coke, LL. D., the Rev. Francis Asbury, and others. At Conference, begun in Baltimore, on Monday, the 27th of Dec., 1784, composing a Form of Discipline for the Members, Preachers and other Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America." It is quite unlike the present well-arranged manual, but is a remarkably interesting and suggestive document. Its reading will be a "means of grace" to our people. As only a limited number of copies are printed, application must be made for them at once to Rev. C. S. Nutter, Concord, N. H. The price is 50 cents.

Easter is coming to be recognized by the interchange of appropriate gifts among friends, almost as generally as Christmas. The publishers and artists are alive to this fact, and place upon their counters fresh preparations every season, and never richer than the present. Here before us are two very tasteful, thin, ornamented boxes containing charming little volumes on an antique paper, with an ivory cover, containing an exquisite picture of the early, winged harbingers of spring. It is entitled, "Heralds of Easter." The letter-press is a new and charming original poem of Doris Reed Goodale, illustrated with striking and appropriate designs by Fidelity Bridges. \$1.50. A smaller publication of the same description is entitled, "Words of Comfort." Upon the ivory is a copy of Reynolds' "Angel Heads." The leaflets, neatly bound together, contain selections from Augustine, Madame Guyon, and others, full of inspiration and spiritual solace, compiled by Louise S. Houghton. \$1.00. These are very attractive Easter gifts, and can be obtained in Boston of Estes & Lauriat. They are published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York.

Probably few mutual relief associations have been so well managed as the one organized in the New England Conference (but not limited in its operations) in 1878. This is largely due to the careful and indefatigable labors of its clerk, Dr. Joseph H. Mansfield. Without any burden to the members of its different classes, it has paid over to the families of deceased ministers \$36,752.03, and has invested, or has now in the hands of its treasurer, Rev. N. T. Whitaker, some \$4,500. No risk is run. The annual assessments occasioned by deaths are very small, the expenses trifling, and the benefit to the widows and children of the assured preachers often far from being measured by the amount received. We heartily commend this association to the confidence of our pastors.

Dr. Reid writes: "I learn by telegram from Mrs. Clifford that her husband, Rev. N. D. Clifford, president of Wiley University, Marshall, Texas, passed home to heaven at 12 o'clock on the 10th inst. He has been in feeble health for the past few years, wasting away by consumption, yet heroically doing Christ's work in training youth for usefulness and heaven. He was a fine scholar, an enthusiastic teacher, and an able minister. What will our poor colored people do for a successor? May his mantle fall on some worthy to wear it!"

Prof. Tigert, of Vanderbilt University, noticed in the *Southern Methodist Review*, Dr. Atkinson's work entitled, "Centennial History of American Methodism," criticizing his views upon the Presbyterian nature of our Episcopacy. To this Dr. Atkinson responded, with even more pronounced affirmations of his views upon the Episcopacy, in our *Methodist Review*, and the Vanderbilt professor sent on a rejoinder to the *Review*, which was declined. This paper now appears in pamphlet form, reprinted from the *Southern Review*, presenting the "high church" sentiments of our brethren over the line on this question, and the grounds upon which they are based. The discussion is ably conducted, even if not conclusive in the minds of all its readers. It is published at the Southern Methodist Book Rooms, Nashville, Tenn.

A good audience welcomed Mr. Cook on Monday at the Tremont Temple. His prelude considered the question of the true motive urging effort in Christian missions. He severely criticised the newspaper liberalism of the hour. He affirmed and defended the doctrine of the possible salvation of men who have not heard of the historical Christ, but accept the light bestowed upon them through the Atonement. Because we believe, he said, that in the present life all men must repent and yield to the light they have in order to be saved, we are moved to carry the Gospel to the heathen. Mr. Cook argued, from quotations from Universalist authorities, that Universalism cuts the nerve of missions. He then sought to show that what he termed semi-Universalism (Atonement) had the same effect. Under the figure of a camel in the tent he set forth the progressive advances of the new divinity into the precincts of the American Board. He affirmed that the following of these views is limited, while the great body of Congregationalists are soundly orthodox. Should this small body determine the action of the great majority? These men who hold different views can go to the heathen if they will, paying their own bills. Why should the Board pay for what they do not believe? Prayer was offered by Dr. Earle, the evangelist.

Mr. Cook, at the request of the Executive Committee, read a correction of a perversion of his remarks on Mr. Beecher, found in the *Boston Advertiser*—made by these gentlemen. Mr. Cook then referred to the progress of Christianity in Japan, as suggested by an interesting communication of Dr. Eby, of Canada, which will appear in the forthcoming publication of the present lecture. He gave intimation of a new reformatory periodical to be published, in which, Mr. Cook, will be associated Miss Willard, Mr. Comstock, Prof. Ely, Prof. Townsend, and others. Mr. Eby's communication was very impressive and inspiring. The topic of the lecture was the modern novel opportunities for Christian union.

[Continued from Page 1]

employed; but looking to the Lord for help, in His strength they went forward, and their efforts were blessed.

Our Conference lines run into the "Pan Handle" of West Virginia—a territory that should be within Pennsylvania lines, and which has a number of appointments in it. That mountainous State has lately been given to it by its legislature a scientific temperance instruction law, and will have the opportunity to vote on an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor. That the former was obtained, is owing to the efforts of Mrs. I. H. Duval, a member of the Wellsburg Church, which is one of the appointments of the Pittsburgh Conference. She had full charge of the matter, and the overwhelming vote in its favor shows the excellence and wisdom of her methods of work. Her husband,

Gen. G. H. Duval, who was a member of the Legislature, introduced the bill into the house, and was also largely instrumental for the passage of the prohibition amendment. When the vote is taken upon the latter, it will undoubtedly carry, as only ten counties in that State have licenses.

Another home of one of our number has been darkened by the shadows of death. Rev. T. H. Wilkenson, secretary of the Conference, and assistant editor of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, is the one into whose household the welcome visitor came with his summons. The victim of disease was his daughter, Lulu E. Wilkenson, a bright young girl of fifteen years, a pupil at the high school of the city. Though early called, the summons was obeyed in the strength of Christ's presence, and in hope of a blessed immortality she passed away.

While some mourn, others rejoice. The home of Rev. G. B. Hudson was the scene of festivities, on the occasion of the marriage of one of his daughters to a Mr. Douglass, a prominent young citizen of the neighborhood in which Bro. Hudson for years has made his home. Rev. B. R. Wilburn, a recent transfer to our Conference, coming from the Cincinnati, and stationed at Walton Church, Pittsburgh, held himself away to Baltimore, and was there united in matrimony to Miss Corinne M. Turner of that city. A reception by his congregation, and the presentation of a purse of money, and many other gifts, were incidents of his return home. His marriage seemed to have acted as an inspiration to the church, as work has been commenced upon a parsonage, located upon ground adjoining the church.

Some of the churches, not waiting for spring for "house-cleaning," have done it in the winter. Our church at Indiana, having S. M. Bell as pastor, is one of these. The church has been thoroughly renovated within, and is to be painted on the outside. It was reopened on Feb. 20. The Smiths had charge during the day. Dr. C. W. Smith, of the *Pittsburgh Advocate*, preached in the morning, and his brother, Dr. H. J. Smith, of Blairsville, in the evening. The entire cost of the repairs was \$1,000, and \$600 of this was needed to be raised on the day of reopening. It was done, with a surplus of a hundred dollars.

On last Sunday the church at Fayette City, a town on the Monongahela River some fifty miles above Pittsburgh, was reopened. Dr. C. W. Smith was the preacher on this occasion. The genial Doctor is in great demand among his brethren for services on special occasions like these.

The Hon. J. F. Dravo, who was one of the lay delegates from the Pittsburgh Conference to the General Conference of 1884, has for some time been president of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, the most important body of the kind in the city. His term having expired, he is serving as a member, a declaration of any further honors. Notwithstanding his protest, he was re-elected to the office; but a further refusal to serve, compelled the body to heed, and his successor was chosen in the person of Mr. W. E. Schmetz, one of the most prominent merchants in the city. An election under such circumstances was a high compliment to the merits of Bro. Dravo.

Mar. 9, 1887.

### The Conferences.

#### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

**Boston Preachers' Meeting.**—Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D., presided. The committee on the Jones and Small revival reported. Rev. Mr. Bland addressed the meeting on the Indian question, endorsing fully the Dawes bill in Congress. Miss Weiser, who is laboring in evangelistic work in Melrose, was introduced. A committee of five was appointed to meet with others to look after the bill now before the Legislature in regard to the revised Sunday laws. Rev. Dr. Munhall was introduced, and spoke with interest on the subject of revivals.

**Tremont St.**—A farewell missionary meeting was held in the Tremont St. Church, last Sunday evening, in honor of Miss Edna Terry, a medical missionary who leaves for China, April 2, under the auspices of the W. F. M. S. Interesting addresses were made by Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, Mrs. Dr. Butler, and Dr. Woodvine, which were very modestly and touchingly responded to by Miss Terry.

**Monument Square, Charleston.**—In the midst of a gracious revival influence, which had been continuous all winter, and which, four weeks ago, under the impulse of some extra meetings, was extending and deepening, the pastor, Rev. Dr. McKeown, was attacked with a painful disease, which has laid him completely aside from all pulpit and pastoral work. This was greatly to be regretted, as the prospect of a great work was most promising. Fifty-three had already been received on probation, and a new class formed of over twenty of the most promising youth of the Sunday-school. God will, however, continue to carry on His work, we trust, under the faithful labors of the brethren and sisters. The pastor's disease is pronounced "shingles"—a species of Herpes, usually a painful and stubborn disease; and such it has proved in this case. He is a little improved, and was able, with great pain, Sunday before last, to administer the sacrament, and baptize and receive to church membership a number of the probationers.

**Broadway, Somerville.**—Sunday, March 13, two were received by letter, three from probation, and four on probation, making, during the year, twelve by letter, twenty-three from probation, and thirteen on probation. Rev. A. M. Osgood is pastor. The boys' and girls' class meets Sabbath afternoons at 3, and numbers about sixty members. The

Chautauqua leaflets and Catechism are used. A singing school is being organized under the instruction of Bro. Horton Newton, principal of the Morse School, Somerville, and recently of Taunton. The year has prospered financially. The share system was adopted at the beginning of the year, the pastor's salary advanced \$200, and the expenses for the year pledged. A treat and cook house at Hamilton have been bought and paid for, and \$1000 appropriated by the Sunday-school for additions to the library. At the fourth quarterly conference there was a unanimous request for the return of the pastor for another year.

**Egleston Square.**—This church, Rev. Louis Albert Banks, pastor, continues to rejoice in a gracious revival, which goes into the fifth week with increased interest. Seventy-five new members have been received since the first of February, 65 of whom have been from conversion.

**Roslindale.**—Appropriate services in memory of those killed in the recent bridge disaster at this place, were held in the Methodist, Baptist and Episcopal houses of worship, Sunday morning, March 20. The Methodist pastor, Rev. Garrett Beckman, preached a full and impressive sermon in the morning to a full house from the texts Eccl. 8: 9 and Job 14: 2. In the afternoon, at the Methodist Church, memorial services were held under the auspices of the Local Improvement Society. The floral decorations were beautiful. The president of the society, Mr. H. W. Bowen, presided. Rev. Mr. Johnson (congregational), of Clarendon Hills, offered prayer, and addresses were made by Revs. A. M. Haskell (Unitarian), Rev. J. M. Wyman (Baptist), and Rev. J. C. Hewlett (Episcopal). Revs. G. Beckman and Mr. Johnson, on account of the lateness of the hour, declined to make any remarks. In the evening Mr. M. R. Denning, of the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston, spoke at the M. E. chapel.

**Personal.**—Mrs. Alderman writes from Hyde Park: "Miss Florence E. Nickerson, sent out as missionary to India in 1880 by the W. F. M. S., and who has been a most devoted and efficient worker, but whose health failed during the past year, and was ordered home for rest, became too seriously ill in body and mind to return home alone. Her physicians had great hope that the sea voyage would prove beneficial. Dr. Johnson wrote, Jan. 21: 'Miss Rowe and Miss Nickerson will leave Bombay, Jan. 26, in steamer "Arabia," accompanied by Mrs. McFee, matron of Carpenters Memorial School. They will send cablegrams from Liverpool, that you may be in readiness to receive them.' Miss Rowe has arrived, bringing the sad intelligence that 'Miss Nickerson grew more violent, until a blood-vessel was ruptured, resulting in death.' She was buried in the sea, in the Gulf of Aden, to await the morning of the resurrection."

**Wilmington, Wesleyan Academy.**—After a vacation of two weeks, succeeding one of the most prosperous terms, the spring term will open Wednesday, March 23. It promises to be large and interesting. All intending to go, will find much advantage in entering at the beginning of the term.

**Worcester.**—The great revival under Rev. Thos. Harrison moves on with remarkable power. All the Methodist churches unite in the meetings, and Grace Church has been crowded every evening. Several heads of families have been delivered from their habits, and the membership of the churches greatly quickened. This week the meetings will be held at Trinity Church. Last Sunday was a great day. In the evening Grace Church was packed with people, and hundreds turned away. During the day 51 seekers were forward for prayers—making a total for the three weeks of 318.

**Milford.**—At the fourth quarterly conference an increase of membership during this Conference year of 62 was reported. There has been a steady increase of religious interest during the year. Nearly one hundred have expressed a desire to be Christians. The attendance upon the Sabbath-school averages about 215. A young people's society has been formed, which numbers one hundred members. The Ladies' Society has raised during the year \$500, and spent it on church improvements, etc. The W. F. M. S. has increased from 15 to 45 members, and reports \$125 collected. A juvenile mission band has raised \$110 towards the expenses of a girls' school in China. The quarterly conference, by unanimous vote, requested the return of their present pastor, Rev. Chas. Tilton.

**Salem, Lafayette St.**—The fourth quarterly conference reports show an excellent condition of affairs in the church. Peace, unity and hopefulness characterize the condition at the close of this Conference year. The church during the year has been painted outside and in, and many improvements have been elegantly fitted up by the united efforts of the Sunday-school and the Ladies' Aid Society. By unanimous vote, the presiding elder was requested to secure the return of Dr. Gracey for another year.

**Ipswich.**—Rev. J. Galbraith, the pastor, was made the victim in a very pleasant surprise last Wednesday evening. The vestry of the church was crowded, and the ladies distributed ice cream and cake, and the younger ones gave a pleasant entertainment. Frederick Wilcomb made a few remarks, and called upon Bro. Galbraith to respond. Just as he was about to do so, a bright little fellow, Master William Johnson by name, began to pop away on an address to the good pastor, which ended in his presenting the loved minister an elegant gold watch and a purse full of spending money, and the pastor's wife silver ware for the table. The pastor was then allowed to finish his



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## The Family.

### SPEAKING TO THE HEART.

[EDITORIAL.]

The surest growth is a steady growth, that which results from ordinary and natural causes. A forcing process, or hot-house culture, does not produce the hardest plants, either in nature or in grace.

That religion which does not make us honest and true, which does not tend to subdue our evil passions, which does not conquer our wills and affections to God, is worth very little to us or to anybody else.

When a Christian, owing to changed circumstances, is called to accept new and onerous duties and to assume higher responsibilities, he should not fear, but face them bravely, looking to God for help. By so doing, he will find that his new requirements will "evoke unexpectedly the latent forces of his mind." Thus Pentecost made heroes and orators of the timid fishermen who had so recently fled before the fury of the men who crucified their Lord.

A man of strong faith, when the pangs of disease remind him that he is mortal, lifts his eyes heavenward and says, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." The vision of his faith sometimes evokes rapture and gives birth to a desire to depart, that he may be "with Christ, which is far better" than the best possible condition on earth. O blessed faith! How inexpressibly superior it is to that lack of hope in an ungodly man which makes the thought of death a cause of fear. Dryden speaks his thought when he says,—

"Death in itself is nothing; but we fear  
To be we know not what, we know not where."

Seeing that one must die, one must be folly's blindest dupe before one can deliberately prefer this haunting fear of unbelief to the glad hope of the sons and daughters of faith.

All things serve the believer because "all things work together for his good." But all things do not serve the willful unbeliever, inasmuch as he is fighting against Him whose providence guides the "all things" which he persists in not lawfully using, but in abusing. In Bailey's Fables, these points are thus truly, though romantically, put:—

"Our life is like the wizard's charmed ring,  
Death's heads and loathsome things fill up  
The ground;  
But spirits wait about and wait on us,  
While yet the hour of enchantment is;  
And while we keep in awe, and fear, and  
Force them to do our bidding."

Who does not see the beauty and fitness of this image? Life is full of real dangers, of things that can do us hurt, by exciting the evils which have their nidus in the hidden depths of the heart, if we will live outside the "charmed ring" of righteousness and duty. Within that circle, however, all evil things are powerless to do us real hurt. Even the spirit that "goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," cannot destroy us there, but the unsinning angels hover about us as our "ministering servants." Who shall harm them that are "followers of that which is good?"

### MARCH.

The pillared clouds against a sullen sky  
Shut in the day;  
Like frozen waves on Arctic seas they lie,  
Stone-faced and gray.  
Against them are the gaunt trees penciled out,  
Bare and unclad;  
Low hills, flat meads, the landscape all about  
Is dark and sad.

There is a look of hopelessness, an air  
As of old age,  
Of ended life, too quiet for despair;  
Of the last page  
And the last word written, the tired pen  
Laid down; the breath  
Of nature coming slow and faint, and then  
The sleep of death.

Yet even now, unseen beneath the cloud,  
The pulse is stirred  
To bring green freshness to the dry, brown  
Soil,  
And bud and bird  
To naked woods; till from the heart of Death,  
Life, waking,  
Opens soft eyes of laughter as she saith,  
"I am the Spring."

—MARY MARTIN, in Independent.

### THE CHILDREN'S CLASS FOR RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

BY REV. D. A. JORDAN.

These are the days of Chautauque organizations of various kinds. Oxford Leagues, reading circles, church lyceums, etc., are growing abundant, and in all of this work no one rejoices more than the writer of this paper. On the line of pure mental development and moral instruction these organizations are doing, and doubtless will do, a grand and needed work.

But there is an entity recognized by the Discipline, referred to in each disciplinary quarterly report, of every preacher in charge, throughout Methodism, little noted, though exceedingly important, which is in danger of being entirely lost in the popular wave, which seems destined to grow even higher than at present. I refer to the children's class for religious instruction. Seemingly the book of Discipline has always been a long way in advance of the practice of the ministry of our church generally, with respect to this matter.

In 1770, answering the question, "What shall be done with the children?" the Minutes said: "Meet them once a fortnight and examine the parents with regard to their conduct toward them." Though a hundred years and more have passed since this dictum was uttered, it is worth while to inquire whether anything could be done likely

to prove of more benefit to the children than for parents who are members of our church to give a plain statement of their conduct with regard to the spiritual welfare of their children. Possibly the reason why, especially in this section (New England), almost no children of American Methodists are baptized in infancy, might thus be disclosed. Possibly here might be discovered the reason for the almost uniform absence of children from the preaching service. Possibly here instruction might be given which should emphasize that most important point for the future of Methodism, the importance of correct religious instruction and example at home. Just one hundred years ago the form of the question was a little changed, and the answer returned was: "Let the elders, deacons and helpers class the children of our friends in proper classes, as far as it is practicable; meet them at least weekly, and if any of them are truly awakened, they are to be admitted into society." This last clause was changed in 1820 to read, "into the church." From this it would appear that the object of these classes was to tend toward such instruction and prayerful advice as should lead them directly into the church.

In 1824 the organization of Sunday-schools was made mandatory "where ten children could be gathered for that purpose." The church Catechism was ordered to be introduced in 1856, and a provision made for Sunday-school agents in 1864. To co-operate with these Sunday-school agents, who were at liberty to travel through the Conferences, Sunday-school committees were provided for, to be elected by the fourth quarterly conferences. This, in brief, is a sketch of our official action with respect to the training of children churchwide.

The "Rules for the Instruction of Children" demand more time, thought, care and study than is usually, or generally, given to them. Look for a little to the pastor's attitude as fixed by the Discipline. He is chairman of the Sunday-school committee. In case of a vacancy in the superintendency, he is superintendent till one is properly nominated by the Sunday-school Board and confirmed by the quarterly conference. His concurrence is essential in order that any nomination desired by the superintendent may be presented to the Board for election as teacher. He is chairman of the Sunday-school Board. He, with the superintendent and the Sunday-school committee, is to decide what books shall be used in the school. He is specially enjoined to preach at least once in six months upon the subject of Sunday-schools and the religious instruction of children. His duty further is to form classes wherever he can for "the instruction of the larger children, youth and adults in the Word of God, and where he cannot superintend them personally, to see that suitable teachers are provided for them;" "to exhort parents and Sunday-school teachers concerning the importance of instructing children in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion;" "to see that our Catechisms be used as extensively as possible in our Sunday-schools and families;" and finally, "to pay special attention to the children in his pastoral visits; to speak to them personally and kindly on the subject of experimental and practical godliness, according to their capacity; to pray earnestly for them; and diligently instruct and exhort all parents to dedicate their children to the Lord, in baptism, as early as convenient."

Whatever else we may lack, it is apparent that we have no lack of theory, nor yet of law, as touching the matter in hand. Let me not be for a minute understood as calling in question the value of the Sunday-school work as done to-day, nor yet the work performed and projected by the organizations to which I have before alluded. It is an amazing miracle of grace that the myriads of children who gather weekly in the Sunday-school rooms receive gratuitous instruction; that the quality of teaching is so good as it is; that so much self-sacrifice is shown by the teachers and officers of this vast army. The emphatic point is, that the Sunday-school but limitedly performs the work which was deemed so important a century ago as to call for special legislation, namely, to religiously instruct "the children." It is doubtless true that the Bible was never so generally, nor to so good purpose, studied, considered merely as a text-book, as to-day.

I affirm that there is little spiritual power in the Sunday-school. This is not a charge against the Sunday-school, either. There is little spiritual power in the Conference course of study, and often less in the examinations; little spiritual power in the theological schools. If men were not converted before entering them, and refrained from all the means of grace, studying theology only, it is entirely possible to have eminent theologians with little or no piety. We say that a man needs conversion before a theological training, to fit him for the ministry; that while in a Christian university storing his intellect with such acquisitions as may be there gathered, he also needs preaching, and especially does he need meeting for prayer and conference. This is the need of our children to-day. Next to nothing have they for imparting the desire for a religious life; almost absolutely nothing for its suitable upbuilding and development. Sunday-schools, Chautauque Circles, Reading Unions, Oxford Leagues, etc.—these are to the children and youth of Methodism what the lectures of professors are to the student. They may give tools; but a motive to use them, and skillful direction in their use, are equally needed.

(Concluded next week.)

There are things we shall be able to look at in the light of the life to come that we may not look at now.—Mrs. Whitney.

### RELEASE.

BY ESTHER E. MORRISON.

A lake lies 'mid the Hampshire hills,  
Pine-forests, and blue, and bright;  
And nestled 'mong the forest trees  
Stands a little church, snow-white.

The sweet pine-incense fills the air,  
The lake is murmuring low;  
And sounds of wondrous music  
Through the open church door flow.

The strains are full of life and power,  
Now joyous, now sad and deep;  
Through the chords the wall of the sad pine-trees  
And the lake's soft murmurs creep.

The notes now swell to a victor song,  
Now fall in a requiem low,  
Now sing like brooks over rocky beds,  
That "chatter as they go."

Listen! The strain grows deep and full,  
Like a mighty river calm;  
And the notes almost give utterance  
To the words of the grand old psalm:—

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!"

The chords die slowly, lingeringly;  
The music, rich and rare,  
Is still; no more the sweet tones thrill  
The hush of the twilight air.

And he whose skillful finger woke  
The Sabbath evening hymn,  
For the kindly strength that must bear him  
forth,  
Waits in the twilight dim.

He waits for the loving friend to come  
Who bears him where'er he goes;  
The crippled form is weary;  
The twilight deeper grows.

The shades grow darker round him,  
But One is drawing nigh;  
Who shall bear the brave, pure spirit  
To a mansion fair on high;

Out through the white church portal,  
In at the peacocks' gates,  
And he who was true-hearted  
No longer wearily waits.

Strength for his earthly weakness;  
For the pain and anguish, balm;  
And for the earth's weariness and grief  
Heaven's restful, rapturous calm.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BY REV. MARK TRAPFORD.

My first interview with this remarkable man was in 1850. I was in the breakfast room of the Waterloo Hotel in Liverpool on my way home from Germany, having arrived the previous evening from London. While waiting for my breakfast, I walked the notable divine. I had often seen and heard him on the platform, and of course at once recognized him, but had never an introduction. On introducing myself, he gave me a warm shake of the hand, with one of his genial smiles which go at once to one's heart. "Oh, yes, I know you," and now let us break together," he said. So we seated ourselves at one of the little marble-top tables, and he touched the bell. The clerical-looking waiter with his snow-white necktie, looking much more like a clergyman than either of the guests, soon stood meekly before us and waited on us.

"Have you ever eaten of a venison pie—a real English one, you know?" he asked me. "No," I said, "I have no knowledge of the article save by reading." I remembered that ancient, savory dish which Friar Tuck brought out for the entertainment of Richard the Lion-hearted, in Sherwood forest, after showing that his poor larder contained nothing but dried peas. "Well, now let us have one; it may be our last opportunity." And so in due time it was well warmed and set on, with a couple of hot plates from a pile before the glowing fire. And so we fell to for its demolition; and all the while his tongue was as restless as his jaws. He inquired all about my tour, where I had been, what of interest I had seen, and when I was to return. When I informed him that I had written from Germany and secured passage by the steamer "Asia," which was to sail the next day, he burst out, "Good! I am going in the same ship, but I could not secure a stateroom; the purser, however, gives me his room on deck." He said, he just came out for a sail, had been up to London, and was now to return.

Now what impressed me, and of which I have thought a thousand times since, was his remarkable simplicity and geniality, the entire absence of all stiffness and assumed condescension, as though conferring a benefit upon a stranger and inferior. So much have I seen of that last-named quality as to almost sicken one of his race. I had just looked in upon the Methodist Conference in London, had met and been introduced to some of the members who were lodged at the same house in King's Street, but no one of them spoke to me afterward, or gave me the slightest attention after giving me two of their aristocratic finger tips; so that to be thus familiarly and kindly treated by the first man in the American pulpit, went to my heart, and the memory of the many man moistens my eyes even as I pen these brief memories.

Well, we talked the next day; but when we ran out of the Mersey, and the ship began her usual sea dance, Mr. Beecher soon became deadly sick and took to his berth, which he seldom left for the eleven days of our voyage to New York. "Yes, it is always so," he said; "at first I suffer so terribly that I fear I shall die; then as it grows worse, I fear I shall not!" But on his pale features there rested and rippled the same beautiful smile—no complaint, no moroseness, no fault-finding. Only once on that voyage did anything like a sharp word or a rebuke break from his lips, and that was addressed to the captain, Judkins. On the first Sabbath out, the passengers were called to the saloon for religious services conducted by the captain in person. After the service, Mr. Beecher sent for Captain Judkins to come to his room. He soon

put in an appearance with the question,—"Any thing wrong, Mr. Beecher?" "Yes, sir," said Mr. Beecher, while his eyes blazed and his face flushed; "I don't like you, Captain."

"Why, what's wrong?" "Well, sir, here among your passengers are thirteen clergymen [there were 170 cabin passengers] of all orders, and you, after swearing about the deck all the week, instead of inviting some one of them to preach to the passengers, call them into the saloon to hear you read prayers; I don't like it, sir!"

The poor captain could only say, "Such is the order of the Board of the Admiralty, Mr. Beecher." But little did Mr. Beecher care for such boards.

Day after day, as the terrible *mal de mer* ignored me, I sat by his berth discussing various matters, relating incidents of ministerial life with anecdote and pleasantness, yet never from his lips dropped a word which might not have been spoken in the presence of the most refined society. A hundred times, in his subsequent terrible passage through the valley of humiliation, I have said, "He cannot have a corrupt heart with lips so clean."

One day he said to me, "I wish we had a checker-board to while away the time."

"I have one in my baggage," I replied, "which I bought in Liverpool for my children, as something from over the sea."

So I ran to my baggage and brought it out. He looked at me with the pleased expression of a child.

"Ah, here is the backgammon also," he said; "do you play?"

"I do not so much as know what it is," I said.

"Well, now, you have something to learn, and I something to teach," he said exultingly.

So he, with patience never wearied, taught me the mystery of that game. As I write this, turning my eyes over my shoulder, I see the same old board lying on the floor under my sofa, and think, how often, after our children had all left us, in evenings when her busy fingers were weary with stitching, and my eyes refused to distinguish letters, we would set out the little stand of my grandfather, now more than a century in use, and spend an hour in that simple game. In my ears is still her ringing laugh, as she beat me again and again; but those lips are dust, and "Those eyes, that beautiful spirit's shrine, Have shrouded their fires forever."

Death, the great player in this game of life, came to the wrong one for forfeit. Would it had been to me!

It is certainly very remarkable that passing through such conflicts as fell to his lot, he should not have become soured, morose, and misanthropic. That he did not turn his back upon humanity, and take the advice of Job's wife, is, and will ever be, greatly to his credit. He retained the confidence and ardent love of his people by his rare patience under obloquy, reproach and bitter persecution; forgiving his enemies, persecutors and slanderers, and loving his enemies to the last. Thus he found his friends to himself with hooks of steel. I remember once in the midst of that conflict saying to the late Dr. Holland, "What do you now think of your friend Beecher?" "As I always thought; he is a true man; I shall never give him up. Once a friend, always a friend, is my principle. What is the worth of a friend who forsakes one in trouble? There is the time when one needs sympathy. He will come out all right at last." Such was the reply.

With him there was no abatement of interest in and for the church, no diminution of love for humanity, no cessation of effort to lift it to a higher plane; he loved, his Master, to the end.

How painful, in contrast with this spirit, is the conduct of certain so-called ministers of Jesus in Chicago! Not only withholding sympathy from him while living, but pursuing him when his great heart was still, and in the spirit of Jesuitical malevolence refusing to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction by even a word of condolence! Shame on such pretenders to the ministry of Jesus Christ! Their memory will rot, while that of this great man will be still green and fresh through the ages to come.

But he has fought a good fight, and is crowned at last.

### HIS REST.

There are no sorrowing hearts but heaven enfolds them,  
And Christ can give them rest;  
He takes our souls, all torn with grief, and holds them  
Close to His loving breast.

O weary heart, press on! there yet remaineth  
This rest for thee;  
O weary soul, toil on! His love restraineth  
And blesteth me.

He blesteth all things wandering and erring,  
And far astray;  
A voice still comes, life's darkened path-ways clearing,  
"I am the Way!"

"I am the Truth, the Life, the Resurrection,"  
Though dead in sin,  
Flee but to Me, thy only sure protection,  
And enter in.

In, past the gates which guard the land immortal,  
The rest above;  
No stern-browed warder keeps the golden portal,  
His God is love.

Earth's vessels may be shattered, broken, riven,  
And life a loss;  
There yet remains this rest, the rest of heaven;  
Lay down thy cross.

—Selected.

### WHY?

I would like to have a few quiet words with you.

Do you not see that you are cultivating a habit of fretfulness? How easily angry words spring to your lips. How often you say things you would gladly unsay, but you cannot change the direction of the arrow after it has left the bow.

How often do you throw a dark shadow on hearts on which should fall

only the tranquil light of peace. Have you not noticed when in the woods the birds cease their singing at the loud tones of the passer-by? No wood-bird is so shy as the joy-birds of the heart. When they hear the angry tone or childing word, they are silent. And how many joy-birds you have silenced in the nest of the heart!

"But I didn't mean it. I didn't say anything."

Aye, but you did mean it. You have learned (oh, sad knowledge!) how to cut deeply with a sentence that seems to have no edge, except for the ear for whom you intend the wound. And you need not deny it, for you deliberately made that gash in the happy heart of one who ought to be dearer to you than life.

And do you not see that these words are streams that channel deeper the gulf of alienation between you and your loved ones? This gulf once made is not easily filled.

And yet how one sympathizing, affectionate word from you would change tears to smiles!

Why do you cultivate this cruel tendency? Does it make you better or stronger? Do you go to your task with quicker step because you have assassinated happiness in a human heart?

"But do you think I can overcome this tendency to angry and cruel speech?"

I do. One of the best friends I ever had was an old gentleman who died at the ripe age of eighty years. He was a Christian, yet fond of the pagan Epictetus. He was genial, charming. I can see now the merry twinkle in his eye. Yet he told me that in a certain period of his life, he found the tendency to peevishness, fretfulness, growing upon him. He had a sharp talk with himself, and determined to cultivate another habit, and he did it.

Why cannot you?—New Theology Herald.

### RESPONSIBILITY.

BY CATHARINE S. HOLMES.

I worked all day and into the night,  
And my work with gladness sped;  
It grew to weary beneath my sight,  
With blending of colors rich and bright,  
And sparkle of golden thread.

And when my eyelids together drew,  
And my tired eyes sought repose,  
Out of the darkness gay colors grew;  
The glistening gold and frosty blue  
They saw ere I left them close.

The shadows which lie on rest's deep plain  
From labor's high structures sink,  
And out of the day comes night's dim train;  
The thoughts which visit the unwary brain  
Are thoughts we have willed to think.

### The Little Folks.

SUSANNE'S AUCTION.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNA H. SOUTHWORTH.

(Continued.)

There was nothing to be done but to proceed to the sale, and Uncle George was appointed to affix the price of the articles.

Generally Uncle George is full of fun. He can invent all sorts of games, and he tells the most delightful stories, but this time he very gravely took his place on the little platform, and holding up the ivory hammer looked round upon the audience with a stern glance.

Uncle Julius was to cry the articles. "Gentlemen," said he—quite omitting the ladies—"we offer first a dressed doll. It is well jointed, the hair is curled, the eyes are in enamel, and the head of *bisque*. Pass the object for examination."

The small public stirred, the girls looked interested, but the boys seemed indifferent and passed the doll without looking at it. Little Marie was thoughtful.

"Is the head of *bisque*?" she whispered to Helen.

"No, stupid! only imitation," answered Helen.

"How much am I offered?" called Uncle Julius.

No one responded.

"It would be a bargain at five sous," said Uncle George.

Still no reply.

"Take it!" whispered André to his little sister. "Call out, three sous!"

"Three sous!" cried Marie.

"Pardon!" remarked Uncle George. "This sale is a real affair, and I warn you that I will not tolerate any trifling. I said the doll would be a bargain at five sous, so you must offer more than the sum."

"Eight sous!" cried Elise.

"Very good," said Uncle George. "I see that you understand me. Go on!"

"Ten sous!" called Helen, bidding higher for little Marie.

Elise rose nervously and said with decision, "Eleven sous!"

Helen also rose, and the dispute was earnest.

"Twelve sous!"

"Thirteen!"

"Fourteen!"

"Fifteen!"

"Sixteen!"

Then there was silence, and the vanquished Elise sat down.

"No other bids!" called Uncle George; and he struck the table heavily with his ivory hammer, saying, "The doll is Helen's for little Marie."

There were other dolls sold, and after them a quantity of all sorts of toys. This was due to the many uncles and aunts of Susanne. It is said that large families are happy families; this is surely true for the children of such families, and Susanne had been especially spoiled. Uncles and aunts, without counting the numerous friends of the house, had overwhelmed her with presents, little thinking that a day might come when, through the obduracy of the child, all these pretty gifts would be scattered at a public sale.

I will not lengthen my story with all the details and curious phases of the auction. It was very animated, and there were many funny and tragic incidents. A new contest arose between Elise and Marie about a sleeping doll. Finally Marie possessed it, but soon

saw that the doll no longer closed its eyes. Then there were tears from Marie, and without any reason, or for pure sympathy, Daniel cried with his little cousin, in woful howls. Another scene occurred when André bid for an elephant against Leopold. Both boys were determined to have the animal, and the price threatened to be outrageous, when Leopold quickly observed that an ear was torn off. This remark stopped André, who was about to bid higher, and the sly Leopold obtained the elephant. Then there was a sheep with real wool, which was on a wheeled platform and which said "Baa!" very naturally. This sold well, and so did a cow which gave milk and lowed. Unfortunately the lowing of the cow and the bleating of the sheep were very similar, but no one found fault.

"But Susanne!" you will say. "Tell us of Susanne! How did she act during all this?"

To every one's amazement she seemed perfectly indifferent.

"It is not possible!"

It is absolutely true. She did not care in the least. At the most exciting moment, when Uncle Julius milked the cow to prove that she really gave milk, she was unmoved, and while the boys were contending for the elephant, she smiled.

"Good heavens! Who would believe it?"

Wait, I have not finished. Everything was sold, and Uncle Emil had just bought in a heap—a quantity of toys for some poor children—when Susanne's nurse brought a doll that had been forgotten in the playhouse.

It was a very poor specimen of dollhood. It had known prosperous days when papa's friend Jacques had given it to Susanne, and the delighted child had named it "Jacqueline" in memory of the giver. That was a year ago; and Susanne, absorbed by her other later dolls, had cared no more for the poor Jacqueline, who, pushed about, had lost an arm, a leg, an eye, and half her hair. No matter, it must be sold, and Uncle Julius held it up, saying, "We will now sell an invalid doll!"

He had not time to complete his speech, for Susanne rushed forward to seize her discarded doll, screaming, "No! No! It is Jacqueline! I will not have Jacqueline sold!"

Then there were loud sobs and wails, and as her parents came to her, she cried out,—

"Oh, pardon, papa! Pardon, mamma! It is Jacqueline! They must not sell Jacqueline! Pardon! Pardon!"

Uncle George rose with great dignity. "Do you ask pardon, miss?"

"Yes, I must have Jacqueline!"

"This is enough. When pardon is asked, there is no longer reason for the auction. Uncle Julius, return Jacqueline to her mother!"

Uncle Julius obeyed, and Susanne, seizing her dilapidated darling, covered it with kisses, while she herself was kissed by her parents. She promised them that she would hereafter be very good, so she should not have to be ashamed before Jacqueline. The maternal sentiment in her baby heart had again awakened her filial love, which had slept a little.

"Is that all the story?"

Yes.

"But, when Susanne had asked forgiveness, did they not give back her playthings?"

Not a bit! You forget that Uncle George declared the auction a serious sale, so all that had been purchased belonged to the children who had paid their money.

"Oh!"

Only, to console Susanne, and encourage her repentance, her parents bought for Jacqueline a complete set of furniture. Unhappily, the poor doll, in regaining the affection of her little mother, could not regain the arm, the leg, and the eye that she had lost. But Susanne tells Jacqueline that if she will be obedient, her hair will grow again; and, soothed by this promise, the crippled doll sleeps sweetly every night in the pretty little rosewood bed, given by her "grandpapa."

### For Young and Old.

#### Bits of Fun.

"Shall I light the gas?" asked the landlady at the supper table. "Oh, it isn't necessary," answered the new boarder, "the supper is light enough."







